

## THE POET IS A STRANGE CREATURE

I have always been annoyed with poets  
who play hide and seek  
and guessing games

in a world  
where millions of people sit next to one another  
and die of loneliness  
cannot get beyond a few moments of small talk  
before becoming hopelessly lost  
in the language barrier  
the mexican japanese white negro barrier  
the occupation class money barrier  
where the neighborhood psychic talks to the spirits  
easier  
than to the people next door  
and prefers to  
where the mormons refuse to talk to the protestants  
and the protestants kill the catholics  
the psychiatrists use electric shock and lobotomy  
to save time and effort  
the teachers alienate the students  
the students put down parents  
teachers and all other adults  
listening only to their peers  
until they have cracked up  
crashed and washed ashore  
peers miscalculate too  
where politicians try not to communicate  
for fear of displeasing an important voter  
where cant and drivel is the expected  
straight talk alarming and dangerous  
where packaging is more important than content

poets are the only ones to cut through

which is why I decided to write poems  
with meanings simple and clear

is that clear?

## AN UNUSUAL MAN

my grandfather delivered three of my sisters  
out of my mother his daughter  
I always thought it a peculiar arrangement  
mother was a little gone on her father  
and liked to be tough  
the third baby grandfather delivered

wouldn't come  
they were off in this log cabin 8 miles from town  
my dad was out getting drunk  
grandmother was helping  
the strain became so great she had a heart attack  
and lay on one bed  
gasping for breath  
while grandfather struggled with his instruments  
for the baby on the other  
somehow I've always had to smile  
when I think of this picture  
rather the ultimate in human nightmare

-- Geraldine King

Phoenix AZ

#### MY FIRST ADMIRER

who had read my poetry  
came after midnight  
already too drunk to walk  
my lover had invited him over  
as he was running out of booze  
I joined them pouring  
whiskey in my beer

after much talk  
it came out that my admirer  
had actually come to admire  
my lover instead of me  
but my lover was already angry  
and had left the room  
because I had taken my admirer's hand  
to look at his palm lines

and since my admirer  
had fallen on his face  
a few times and I  
was beginning not to  
admire him much  
I said, "Look man, if you  
love my lover and not me  
why don't you leave?  
This is my house,  
you can't do anything here"

my lover hearing he was  
loved came out to protect  
my admirer from my disgust